Elton John, The Ballad Of Danny Bailey (1909-34

Some punk with a shotgun Killed young Danny Bailey In cold blood, in the lobby Of a downtown motel.

Killed him in anger, A force he couldn't handle, Helped pull the trigger That cut short his life.

And there's not many knew him The way that we did, Sure enough he was a wild one But then aren't most hungry kids?

Now it's all over Danny Bailey, And the harvest is in. Dillinger's dead I guess the cops won again Now it's all over Danny Bailey, And the harvest is in.

We're running short of heroes Back up here in the hills, Without Danny Bailey We're gonna have to break up our stills.

So mark his grave well 'Cause Kentucky loved him. Born and raised proper I guess life just bugged him.

And he found faith in danger, A life style he lived by, A runnin' gun youngster In a sad restless age.